

The Weekly Museum.

VOL. VIII.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 22, 1795.

NUMB 380.

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FANNY: OR, THE HAPPY REPENTANCE.

[Concluded.]

WHATLEY was prostrate at her feet, which he pressed to his lips and bathed with his tears. Fanny recovers from her swoon, and falling into his bosom, is it you, said she, my Lord Whatley?—Yes, my adorable love, it is your husband, who, repenting of all his follies and vices, returns to virtue and your embraces, and to that tenderness which now possesses his soul, and makes him die to repair your injuries!—My Lord! have you embraced your child, said Fanny, tenderly—Go, my dear, and embrace your father—My child! O God! My child!—This perfectly overcome him—He caressed Fanny and her child by turns, and pressed them to his bosom. Yes, my Lord, continued Fanny, it is your child—the fruit of our unhappy love—I have brought him up to love you, that when he survived me, he might tell you of his unfortunate mother; for had you come a few days later, you would not have seen me here—I should have left a letter in his hands, and might have flattered myself—Her swelling bosom would not give her utterance, and Whatley took her again into his arms—Ah! tell me not of my crimes! I am severely punished for them—I feel it at my soul—But oh! could I then reduce to such a condition, the most valuable of women? My dearest life—May I, by every instance of love and tenderness, prevail on you to forget my barbarity, my treachery—My undeserved treachery?—Then he spoke, and wept upon her hand as he pressed it to his mouth.

I shall not pretend to excuse myself by telling you that Ward led me into this scene of villainy. I would appear to you a criminal, as I really am, that I may owe every thing to your generosity and your tenderness. Forgive me, forgive the man who shall esteem it an honor to bear the name of your husband, and that of a father to this amiable child (pressing it again to his heart)—But where is your father?—My father?—May I see him?—He is in bed, answered Fanny, expiring with sickness and sorrow; for sorrow has preyed upon him more than want—Want! said Whatley, O God—My heart will break. Ah! worthy Windham! What a wretch have I been—Yes, my poor Fanny, it is I who have reduced you to these extremities—And—What is that I see?—The bread we live upon—The bread that is earned by our toil, and steeped in our tears—It was a coarse brown loaf. Whatley could scarcely support himself at the sight—He raised his hands to heaven, and in broken accents cried, What, my dear, my virtuous creature, was this your food—While I—O, my God! My God!—I shall die—I cannot survive these horrid thoughts—Ah, my Lord! What charms in this repentance for your Fanny! Live that she may yet adore you—she never ceased to love you (embracing him) could she hate you?—Yes, you shall be my wife, my sovereign mistress. London

has been witness to my irregularities—It shall behold my reformation; I can never make my acknowledgments to you sufficiently distinguished—Yes, you shall be the wife of my heart—Come, let me throw myself at the feet of my worthy father.

Fanny desired him to wait until she had acquainted him with his arrival. She feared that the sudden sight of her Lord might be fatal to the languishing old man. She did not know how to testify her gratitude to Windham. Lord Whatley had told her, in a few words, all that the worthy man had done to bring him back to a sense of truth and honor. Fanny flew to her father—My dear father, said she, take comfort—I have good news to tell you—My Lord Whatley is come—He acknowledges his faults—And will he own you for his wife? Shall I have that consolation before I die?—Yes, worthy Adams, cried his lordship, running to embrace the old man, you see your daughter's husband, your son who comes to bewail his faults in your bosom, and would give his life to repair them. Adams, overcome with surprise and joy, could only utter—Ah, my Lord!—The tears flowed from his eyes; he would have got up, and attempted at some expressions of respect—Lie still my father, said Whatley, it is my duty to do you honour and respect—I have injured you; I have betrayed my faith, and virtue, and Fanny—I am ready to make satisfaction for every thing—I humbly ask pardon of you, of your dear daughter, of humanity itself, which I have wounded, through the heart of the worthy Adams. Yes, you shall be my father, and your daughter shall be my wife, the only mistress of my soul. He then enquired of Fanny concerning her mother—Alas! replied the old man, she is no more!—She adored her daughter. Ah! I understand you—This is my doing—Wretched and guilty Whatley, how shalt thou expiate thy crimes?—Ah, my father! Ah, my Fanny!

Situations like these, admit of no adequate description; but the heart may feel, and the mind may conceive what the pen can never paint.

Our poor cottagers went to dinner: How did their extreme indigence then pierce the soul of Whatley! Scarce had they a sufficiency of that coarse bread, the very sight of which, struck him with horror—The dying Adams was another object that might have smitten the heart of barbarity itself—Every thing that appeared in this mansion of misery was a dagger in the breast of this penitent Lord. But when his looks were fixed on that woman whom he adored; when he read in her pale countenance the cruel impressions of pain and poverty, and saw those arms that were locked in his with so much tenderness, faded and emaciated, he was torn with that remorse, those torments of the soul, which are ten thousand times more acute than any external torture. Every instant he cried, with tears that bled from the heart—My virtuous Fanny! To what misery have I reduced you!—And is it possible that you can still love me!—Fanny, embracing him, answered, Yes, my Lord!—You

were always dear to me; and you should have pierced me to the heart, if you would have permitted me to kiss your hand.

If there is a scene in this world that can attract the eye of the Supreme Being, it is, undoubtedly, that of sincere repentance, of pure and honest love, the triumph of sentiment and reason.

Lord Whatley learned that Fanny's two sisters had not long survived their mother: That her brothers, obliged by their misfortunes to leave their fathers house, were in the service of farmers; that she and her father, after the death of the clergyman, their relation, being reduced to extreme indigence, tilled, with their own hands a piece of ground, where they had built a kind of shed to live in, and that this had been scarcely sufficient for the support of their miserable lives. Fanny loved her Lord too much to afflict him with a detail of such circumstances: He learnt them from Windham.

Whatley removed Adams to his own seat, where the old man soon recovered his health. A very elegant apartment was prepared for Fanny, who, a few days after their arrival, dressed in a magnificent suit, was married to her Lord. It is needless to add, that Windham was one of the principal assistants on this festive occasion. Lord Whatley agreeably surprized Adams, by presenting to him his two sons, dressed in a manner becoming their change of fortune. I was willing, my dear father, said he, to make all our family happy. The brothers of Fanny ought to be mine, and it is my intention that they shall partake of my happiness.

In the evening, when Whatley had dismissed his attendants, he threw himself at the feet of lady W—, and, at last, said he, my excellent Fanny, you will embrace an husband, whose only study will be to make you forget your sufferings. Will you pardon me all the injuries, all the wrongs I have done you! My dear, my adorable wife! your misfortunes have not robbed you of your beauty; it will bloom afresh when cherished by my kisses, and watered by my tears, I see the effect of my own conduct, and you are more dear to me: You have been my victim, you shall be my sovereign, be all that is dear to me, with the lovely child that pleads for its father's pardon. Let it not plead in vain, my dear Fanny! She could only answer with tears of pleasure, the strong, though inarticulate expressions of the soul, and overpowered by the intoxicating tenderness, she sunk into his arms. O charm inexpressible of pure and tender attachments! Pleasures of love! What are you without those of virtue.

Windham was about to take leave of Whatley. What! Sir, said his lordship, will you refuse to reap the fruits of your labor? And what scenes can you find more interesting than these? You have united two hearts, my dear friend, that know how to be grateful for the favors you have done them. Enjoy the pleasure of beholding the effects of your kindness. You have restored me to virtue, to Fanny, and to happiness; but can that happiness be perfect, if you add not the

pleasures of friendship to those of love! Windham embraced his friend with those tears that spring from the heart. Well, my dear children, I accept your offer: It will be some consolation to my old age to find that there are yet on earth, sensible and virtuous souls. They removed to London, where Fanny proved herself the most charming and amiable of women. She was a model for those who had long shone in the circle of distinguished life, and shewed by her beauty and her deportment, that the virtues and the graces are the natives of villages, rather than of cities. She went yearly to visit that poor cottage where Whatley and Windham had found her. There she seemed to find her virtues strengthened, her principles improved. Scenes of poverty call us back to that modesty, and that subdued frame of mind, which are the best support of virtue.

Whatley despised, dishonoured, chagrined by his marriage with Lord Ravenstone's daughter; was indebted, in some measure, for a second existence to the daughter of the farmer. Led by the tender influences of chaste love, he returned to the duties of a man, a citizen, and a subject: He entered once more into the service he had quitted, distinguished himself, and obtained the most honourable appointments. Lord Darnton himself made a kind of public satisfaction to Adams and Fanny; he declared Whatley his heir, and died in the arms of his niece. Heaven, as a recompence to Adams, prolonged his life to an advanced and happy old age; and Fanny had several children, the delight and ornament of their family and their country.



EXTRAORDINARY LOVE-LETTER.

FROM PETER PLAINMAN TO MISS PRISCILLA PRUDISH.

MADAM,

I Am a little afraid you and I shall never come together. There is that expectation of flattery about you that I cannot bear. Yet as I love you well enough to be honest—a bold word that—I will once for all speak my mind, and I desire your attention. I believe I do not admire you or value you for any one of those charms for which you admire and value yourself. I do not, for instance, pay any adoration to the present brightness of your eyes, because I am so strange a fellow as to consider them philosophically. I write in honest prose, Madam; and therefore in honest prose I tell you, that those same balls of ethereal beauty, those same love-darting mirrors, are at best two pieces of ordinary clay varnished. The varnish, I allow, is good, and well put on; thanks be to the sound health and constitution that begot you, and the mother who bore you: But what of all this? I am not such a short-sighted, amorous puppy, but I can look forward a little beyond the length of my nose, to the time when the gloss will all be worn away, when the japan of nature will be utterly gone, and the devil a spark of fire will you have about you. Some time ago, I remember you shewed me, in a great air of triumph, a paper scrawled upon by some florid puppy of your acquaintance, who swore, in very sorry verses that your cheeks threw into utter despair all the lillies and roses in the creation; your skin too, was, if I recollect, polished marble; the veins were compared to the azure of the third Heaven, and the colour was whiter than alabaster. 'Tis a lie, Priscilla, 'tis a lie; I never saw a pair of cheeks in my life, that were fairer than a lilly, nor a pair of lips that were redder than a rose. As to alabaster, I will take upon me to say, there never was a woman's skin

half so white in the whole world; and I should be very glad to see a complexion so well polished as a piece of Egyptian marble. I am perfectly sensible to handsome features; I like to see the proper proportions of red and white; I am very well pleased with a sparkling pair of eyes; but I have no idea of calling any of these what they are not, nor of comparing them with objects to which they have no likeness whatever. For instance now, your bosom is said to be purer than the driven snow: If that is not carrying the jest as far as it will go, I don't know what is. As to features, skin, complexion, &c. they are so truly things of to-day, that if I was a woman, I should be afraid to put any trust in them. They have more enemies than the ever-persecuted have. I could recount such a catalogue as would make

Your hair to stand an end,

Like quills upon the fretful porcupine.

Go into your garden—fix your attention on the fairest flower; take care that it is in the luxuriance of its bloom. Did you ever behold tints more exquisite, scollops more exact, colours better mixed, or beauties better varied? Now leave it. Pay it a second visit to-morrow morning. What are you surprised at? That a flower should fade! A slight blast of wind in the night hath wholly destroyed it; the tints are dead; the colours are faded; the beauty is no more. Step now to your toilette. Indeed, Priscilla, you are very pretty: what a face, what an air, what a shape! In the evening one of the thousand enemies of handsome features overtakes you, and your second visit to the mirror shews—an ugly woman. I would not have you fix too violent a dependance upon features. Nor do I, Priscilla, estimate you according to your wealth: Certain it is, old Prudish, your father, left you rich; but I wish you were not so fascinated with these possessions. I think there is under all your false ideas a GOOD HEART; 'tis this, Priscilla, which draws me towards you. I know we should live very happy together, if you would but comply with my terms. They are neither difficult nor various: 1st, Break your looking-glass. 2d, Turn all your poets out of doors. 3dly, Throw their verses into the fire; and lastly, Make a solemn vow never to trust in metaphors and comparisons, two cursed things which have done more injury to young women than libertinism itself. What say you? Will you agree to these conditions, and take to your bosom, without either lace on his coat, poetry in his head, or puppyism at his heart,

Your old Friend,
and Humble Servant,
PETER PLAINMAN.

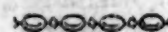


For the WEEKLY MUSEUM.

A SONG.

LOVE in my breast a tyrant reigning,
Bears his sway without controul;
Proudly all restraint disdaining,
To his will enslaves my soul.
But I submit without repining,
Or a wish that I were free;
For to his law my heart inclining,
My service still is liberty.

FLORIZEL.



NO-BODY.

A Lady of fashion, dressed in the present taste, is, literally speaking, NO-BODY; and, strange to tell, the full-grown Misses; naturally prone, as we might suppose, to matrimony, seem not to have ANY-BODY. It is presumed, however, that this determination will not last long, and that, by next winter, at farthest, many of them will have SOME-BODY.

For the WEEKLY MUSEUM.

DERMOT AND AUNIA.

AN IRISH PASTORAL.

"Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,
"Their lowly birth, and destiny obscure;
"Nor *dem'rips* mark, with a disdainful smile,
"The short and simple *courtships* of the poor."

BENEATH a heath-thatch'd roof blight Aunia dwelt,

Her locks were carrot, and her eyes were blue,
Robust her frame, the picture of rude health,
Nor pain, nor ache, the buxom damsel knew.

No vapors, spleen, or fell chimera dire,
E'er fill'd her head, or broke her nightly rest;
Her heart ne'er sicken'd with a jealous ire,
To see or friend, or rival-better dress'd.

A muslin cap with ribbon deck'd so gay,
A white lawn apron, and a cotton gown,
Brogue-maker's pumps to wear on holy-day,
Or going to fair, or mass, or market-town.

These were th' utmost of her humble wishes,
For she of dress the luxury ne'er learn'd,—
Brought up to milk, and churn, and wash the dishes,
Her living by her industry she earn'd.

Now Dermot lov'd the maid, with such an air
Did she the *pratoes* teem, and skim the pot,
And when she clean'd her face, and comb'd her hair
No village lass was comlier, well I wot.

To fair, and wake, and pattern*, all around,
Dermot repair'd, his cudgel in his fist;
And oft at rustic feasts the victor crown'd,
His comrades envied him the lassie kiss'd.

O'er all, in dancing, he'd acquir'd renown,
And of his native village was the boast;
For he in dancing cou'd dance others down,
And he danc'd best, 'twas said, who danc'd the most.

Thus all-accomplish'd Dermot made advance
To Aunia, as she trudg'd thro' *pratoes* trench,
Shrugging his shoulders he looked half ashaunce,
And wiping well his mouth he kiss'd the wench.

Fie, Dermot, Aunia cries, the basket's down,
(A basket she had got of *pratoes* full)
Fekins! you act just like a filthy clown,
Zooks! how you tumble one, & towse, & pull.

Now off the basket came, the *pratoes* spill'd,
Dermot, abash'd, deplores what he has done,
And angry Aunia, tho' with pass'on fill'd,
Squatting, to pick them up had just begun.

When Dermot, as he help'd her, to the maid
Himself with soothing accents thus address'd,
Your own Dermot don't *asore*† upbraid,
For ogh! my honey, I'm enough distress'd.

Troth love has given my stomach such a kick,
I'll die as sure as eggs if you're unkind,—
Of it I am as full as any tick,
Ogh, hone! I have lost myself, I find.

Then do *cuddeen*‡ look kind, and speak me plain,
You cou'dn't like one whose warm heart you've got?
And tho' a body's but a simple swain,
I've a choice garden, and a cosy cot!

* On certain days the native Irish in the country parts of the kingdom, meet together to celebrate the anniversary of some patron Saint, and these meetings they call Patterns.

† A corrupt pronunciation of the word amongst the common Irish.

‡ A term of affection among the Irish.

§ This is nearly the same.

Now, as he Aunia held by both her hands,
A modest moment, when he stopp'd the flood;
Then without hems, or haws, or ifs, or ands,
To his last question the reply'd—I cou'd—

Out of my skin with joy I now cou'd jump!
The happy youth with extasy did cry;
Feel how my heart against my ribs does thump,
For you I'll live—or may I never die.

On Sunday next, when we go dress'd to mafs,
We'll get it done; what does my Aunia say?
To which, in jocund strain, the merry lafs,
Cry'd, be it then to-morrow, or to-day.

Thus having settled their high love affairs,
Dermot help'd Aunia's basket on her head,
Then whistling to his sack* and work repairs,
And on the Sunday after they were wed.

Aug. 7. RUSTICUS.
* An instrument the Irish use in digging and turning the sod, but particularly for digging out potatoes.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 22.

WE are informed, from good authority, that the TREATY received the President's Signature on Friday the 14th inst.

Last Monday sailed for England, in the Thistle frigate, George Hammond, Esq. late Minister from the British Court to the United States. We hear he carries the Treaty, with the Ratification of the President and Senate.

We are informed that Phineas Bond, Esq. is Charge des Affaires of his Britannic Majesty, during the absence of George Hammond, Esq. Minister Plenipotentiary.

Notwithstanding the reports confidently circulated of the President's having signed the Treaty, there are who believe it has not been signed without some proviso or reservation, that keeps it still in his power to prevent an exchange of ratifications.

It is rumoured that an EMBARGO is about to be laid, and that Congress is to be convened immediately, on business of importance, (perhaps the late unwarrantable proceedings of the British.) We do not presume to give this information as official; but that there is some foundation for the first opposition, cannot be doubted, from the anxiety which the merchants express, and the extraordinary exertions made, in order to expedite the departure of their vessels.

[Ind. Gazetteer.]

The brig Apollo, Capt. Robinson, from Savannah, spoke on the 18th inst. in lat. 39 22. off the capes of Delaware, ship Maria, of New-York, from Bordeaux, bound to Philadelphia, out 7 weeks; the Captain of which vessel informed him, that it was currently reported at Bordeaux, that the French had taken 4 or 5 British line of battle ships off Brest water.

The Capt. of the Maria also informed Capt. Robinson, that provisions of all kinds except flour were much cheaper in Bordeaux than in this country.

PHILADELPHIA, August 12.

Arrived, ship Arethusa, Swaine, from Bengal, last from St. Helena. Capt. Swaine informs, that 8 Dutch Indiaman, from the Cape of Good Hope, were taken by the British, near St. Helena, at which they meant to touch for refreshment, not being informed of hostilities between their nation and Great Britain. A store ship from England which parted with a fleet of six sail of the line, arrived at St. Helena, while Capt. Swaine lay there.

Extract of a letter from a gentleman of this city, dated, Bordeaux, June 21, 1795.

"We have advice that the British cruisers are

in the Bay of Biscay, and have orders to send in all American vessels bound to France. We also learn, by an American, who came up yesterday from a coasting voyage, on which he sailed 15 days since, loaded with hay, that on his way out, and very near the Cordovan Light House, he was boarded by a Spanish lugger, armed with swivels, who kept him a long time in possession, and would have sent him in had he been more valuable. The Capt. of the lugger informed, that he had taken several American vessels bound home from this place, loaded with wine, &c. and sent them in, and that he should take all he met, coming or going.

"There also arrived here yesterday a Danish vessel, the Capt. of which, in a very direct manner, relates, that he was taken with three American vessels, by five English ships of war, and three frigates, off Brest, and being becalmed there, the French obtained information of the British force and situation, and, with a breeze off land, came out with eight ships of the line, superior, and several frigates, and brought the English to action, during which, he (the Dane) took an opportunity to sheer off, and that he saw three ships English of the line strike.

"A peace with Spain and the Emperor is concluded. The best informed persons here think it will take place. So great an event cannot long remain unproclaimed.

"N. B. Since writing the above, a man from Brest confirms the account of the engagement, and says that one ship of the line and a frigate were sent in before he had left Brest. I am informed of a fire at Nantz, which consumed six large French ships, the smallest of 500 tons. American property."

Boston, August 17.

NAVAL ACTION.

By an arrival in 40 days from Rochelle, in France, we have advice of a very severe naval engagement which took place the 24th June, off Belleisle, between a French fleet of 12 ships of the line, and an English fleet of 14 sail of the line, with frigates. The Captain of the vessel arrived here, fell in with the English, and was ordered on board the Orion, a 74. Just after the engagement, where he was informed by the Captain of that ship, that the French were defeated with the loss of three ships—That several English ships were dismasted, and otherwise in a shattered condition.

Another Account.

By a gentleman who arrived in town yesterday from Salem, information is received of an arrival there from the Banks—the Captain of which says, that he spoke, and was on board of a ship from London, bound to New-York, and that the Captain told him, that the British fleet had arrived in port, after a severe action with the French, but without any prizes, and with the loss of a ninety gun ship, and several frigates.

The French papers represent the Republican armies, all along the Rhine to be in the most excellent condition, and well supplied with ammunition and provisions; and contrast their situation with the misery and poverty which, they say, pervade the Austrian lines on the opposite side of the river.

*** Such of our Subscribers as were neglected last week, and those who may be this, are informed that it is owing to the indisposition of one of the Carriers, which we hope will be a sufficient apology. Those who have not received their Papers will please to send or call for them.

Court of Hymen.

MARRIED

A few evenings since, by the Rev. Dr. McKnight, Capt. FRANCIS YOUNG, to Miss SALLY BUCKMASTER, both of this city.

On Saturday evening the 8th inst. by the Rev. Dr. Moore, Mr. THOMAS PARCELLS, jun. to Miss MARY HURST, both of this city.

At Rye, on Thursday evening the 13th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Sands, Mr. JOSEPH STRANG, to Miss NANCY THEALL, both of that place.

On Saturday evening last, by the Rev. Dr. Moore, Mr. JOHN BUTLER, to Miss CURTIS, both of this city.

DIED

On Friday last, at Jamaica, (L. I.) in the 28th year of his age, of a lingering consumption, which he bore with the patience of a Christian and a man, Mr. STEPHEN PURDY, formerly joint printer of this paper. To his Friends an Elogium would appear superfluous, for they knew his worth. He was a tender Husband, an affectionate Father, a sincere Friend; in a word, he was, the noblest work of God, "AN HONEST MAN!"

"Like leaves on trees the race of man is found,

"Now green in youth, now with'ring on the ground,

"Another race the following spring supplies;

"They fall successive, and successive rise."

POPE.

On Sunday the 9th inst. Mr. WILLIAM LOWE, a respectable inhabitant of this city.

SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF
WILLIAM LOWE,

Late a Member of Capt. Snowdon's Company of Artillery.

(By a brother Soldier.)

SAY, pensive muse, where shall I find relief
From heart-felt sorrow, and a load of grief?
How shall I ease my bosom, big with woe,
Which heaves in sorrow for the worthy LOWE?
Scarce had he reach'd to five-and twenty years,
His parents joy, the darling of their cares,
In virtue rear'd from vice and folly free,
Columbia's friend, the friend of Liberty.
Alas! he's gone, and shall return no more,
To taste fair Freedom on his native shore!
He's lately lifted in the corps above,
To aid the cause of great and mighty Jove;
No more his voice shall charm the festive board*,
Where Mars e'er thunder'd, or old Bacchus roar'd,
For thee a band of brothers drop a tear,
While on each arm the fable badge we wear;
Death beats the roll, and to his post he flies,
Answers the call, and wings the lofty skies:
Thus fell a youth, rever'd by all he knew,
A Man, a Soldier, and a Patriot too.

* Mr. LOWE sung several Songs, at Mr. Town's where the Company dined the Fourth of July.

Genuine Anderfon's Pills,

Just Received and for Sale at this Office,

ALSO,

Godfrey's Cordial.

To Printers.

Three FOUNTS of TYPES, consisting of
Pica, Small Pica, and Paragon,
For Sale at this Office, cheap for Cash.

Court of Apollo.

A NEW SONG.

A Wedding's a wedding the universe over,
From Perkin to London, from Turkey to Dover;
Married folk are the same, wherever they're born,
From the Cape of Good Hope till you double
Cape Horn. Sing Balinimona Ora, &c.

When a King means to wed, why he does it by
proxy,

And sends over a Lord to espouse his fair doxy;
When a commoner marries, the bridegroom,
poor elf;

Is obliged to go thro' all the business himself.

In Owhyee, they say, there's a stick broke in two,
If you look in Cook's Voyage, you'll find it is
true;

In England they never break sticks it is said,
But married folks often—break each other's head!

A soldier and lassy jump over a sword,
A sailor and girl oft take each other's word,
A Jew may espouse his great aunts or his cousins,
And Turks buy their wives, like our chickens,
by dozens.

At a wedding in Ireland, they're wond'rous frisky,
With black eyes, bloody noses, punch, claret,
and whiskey;

In Scotland they've haggies, hodge-podge, and
sheep's head;

And in Holland they smoke till they're all put to
bed.

By whatever forms we are join'd to each other,
May husband and wife live like sister and brother,
Be our country's interests united forever,
Like folks that are married to separate never.

A NECDOTE.

DURING the time of the attack of Sullivan's-Island, General Lee was reconnoitering the communication made by the bridge of boats between that place and the continent. As the balls whistled about in abundance, he observed one of his aid-de-camps, a very young man, shrink every now and then, and by the motion of his body, wished to evade, if possible, the shot. "Sdeath, Sir," cried Lee, what do you mean? Do you dodge? Do you know that the King of Prussia lost above an hundred aid-de-camps in one campaign?" "So I understand, Sir," replied the young officer, "but I did not think you could spare so many."

FOR SALE,

A Good two story frame House, situated in Chatham-street, No. 47, containing six rooms, an excellent cellar kitchen, a good yard with a large cistern in it, and is an excellent stand for a grocer.—Also a two story frame House, No. 6, Augustus-street; has a very large yard and useful improvements: both on Corporation lease ground. For Further particulars enquire on the premises.

August 8, 1795.

78---tf.

THREE or Four Painters will meet with constant employ and Good Wages, enquire of Anthony Ogilvie, upper end of Cherry-street.—Also, Two or Three Apprentices wanted, apply as above.

June 20.

tf

BOOKS.

Just received, per the Fanny, Capt Blain, from Glasgow, and for sale by

JOHN HARRISSON,

At his Book Store & Printing Office, No. 3, Peck-slip, QUARTO Bibles, with Plates, Apocrypha, and Psalms,

Pocket do. fine paper, elegantly bound, 2 vols do. do. plainly do. 2 vols.

do. do. in one neat pocket vol.

New Testament, large print, octavo,
Knox's History of the Reformation of Religion in Scotland, elegant edition, quarto,
New Geographical, Commercial, and Historical Grammar, 2 vols.

Davies Sermons, 3 vols. octavo,

A great variety of the newest Song Books,

A large assortment of Plays and Pamphlets,

Blank Books of all Kinds,

Pocket, Memorandum, and Receipt books,

Copperplate Copy Books,

Best gilt quarto Writing Paper, common do. best foolscap do. common do.

Wafers, Sealing Wax, Quills, & Ink-Powders,

Black Lead Pencils, Ink Stands, Slates,

Playing Cards, Message do.

Penknives, India Ink, India Rubber,

Patent Cake and Liquid Blacking for boots and shoes, &c. &c.

Also, just received, a large Assortment of CHILDRENS BOOKS.

Harlem Oil, Turlington's Balsam, Prentiss's Balsam for Corns, Godfrey's Cordial, and Anderson's Pills.

AMERICAN MANUFACTURED BLACK LEAD FOIS,

EQUAL to any imported and cheaper.—BLACK LEAD, both coarse and fine. for the purpose of blackning Franklin stoves, and irons with brass heads; planes of various sorts, good glue, brands of copper or cast iron, of any description, screw augers, pots, kettles, griddles, pye-pans, iron tea kettles, wool and cotton cards, &c.—Also, a general assortment of IRONMONGERY, CUTLERY, &c.

Lately imported, and will be disposed of on reasonable terms, by

GARRET H. VAN WAGENEN.

No. 2, Beekman-stip.

SAMUEL ALLEN, MERCHANT TAYLOR,

RESPECTFULLY informs his friends and the public in general, that he has commenced business at No. 281, Pearl Street, where all orders will be thankfully received and punctually attended to.

N B He has on hand an elegant assortment of superfine cloths and cassimeres of the best quality, also, striped, clouded plain and twilled nankeens; and a variety of elegant muslin and musinet, plain and printed vest shapes, fattins, Marjeilles quilting, and many other articles too tedious to mention.

New-York, May 9. 1795.

65.—tf.

UNITED STATES LOTTERY, For the improvement of the City of WASHINGTON,

WILL commence drawing in a few days: Tickets may be had by applying at D. DUNHAM's Store, No. 26, Moore-Street, near the Elizabeth-Town Ferry, New-York; where Tickets in the last and present Lottery will be carefully examined and Prizes paid.

And a scheme of the Patterson Lottery for establishing useful Manufactures, may be seen by applying as above.

N. B. Specie given for Jersey Money. 41 17

2000 Most Elegant

French and English Prints,

FOR Sale, by the subscriber, at the Museum, in colours and black—This is the largest collection every exhibited to view in this country, and consists of near 500 different subjects, they are of all sizes and forms, there is a specimen of each subject bound in a book, and the prices affixed to each, the prices are from 1s. to 8 dollars,

GARDINER BAKER.

N B. Persons wishing to examine the prints will please to turn to the left hand at the head of the stairs in the front room.

August 15th.

R. LOYD, respectfully informs his friends and the public, that he continues to carry on the UPHOLSTERY and PAPER HANGING BUSINESS, in all its branches, at No. 30, Vesey-street, where he hopes for the continuance of their favors, which by a strict attention to business he will endeavor to deserve. One or two youths of reputable parents, are wanted as Apprentices.

Feb. 14, 1795.

S. LOYD, respectfully informs her friends and the public that she continues to carry on the STAY, MANTUA MAKING, and MILLINERY BUSINESS, as usual, at No. 30, Vesey-street, (the premises she has engaged for 6 years) where she hopes for the continuance of those favors which it will be her constant endeavors to deserve.

Handsome and Airy APARTMENTS to Let, apply as above.

PRINTERS INK,

MANUFACTURED and sold by JACOB FEE, No. 1, Magazine-street, near the Tea-Water-Pump, New-York.

LYCETT and PALMER,

Japanners and Ornamental Painters, No. 137, William-street.

JAPAN all kinds of chairs, bed-pillars, wash-hand stands, toilet tables, bed and window cornices, neater and cheaper than paper. Paint all sorts of ornamental work. Burnished Gilding, on Glass, elegantly executed.

74—

N.B. Orders for the above articles from any part of the continent punctually attended to.

SHIP PAINTING,

By ANTHONY OGILVIE.

Cherry-Street, near the Ship Yards.

AND every other kind of Painting executed in the most elegant manner, at the shortest notice, on terms as reasonable as any in this city. Window Glass 12 by 10, 11 by 9, 8 by 10, and 7 by 9, Oil, Paints, Putty, and every article in the Painting and Glazing line for sale. 61.—tf

UMBRELLAS.

THREE boxes French Umbrellas, of different sizes and colors, just received from Bordeaux. Also, a few English Umbrellas of a superior quality, with brass slides, and a general assortment of fresh imported DRY GOODS, for sale upon reasonable terms, at No. 102, William-street, by

WILLIAM CAVERLY,

Who has likewise for sale thirty-one firkins of Fresh Butter.

July 11.

74 tf.

An Apprentice to the Printing Business.

AN active Lad of about 14 or 15 years of age, and of reputable connections, is wanted at this Office.